

# CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.

VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END.

J. A. GRANT, Publisher.

VOLUME 8.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1857.

NUMBER 12.

## Business Cards.

### JOB WORK!

WE are prepared to execute Job Work of every description, at this Office, with neatness and dispatch—and, therefore, at a reasonable price. January 1st, 1856.

**OLDHAM, PITTS & CO.,**  
(Successors to Porter & Smith)  
**TOBACCO SELLERS,**  
**FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**  
TRICES LANDING, TENNESSEE.  
Sep 14 '55—1f

**O. H. BLACKMAN**  
W. S. POINDEXTER

**Keesee, Blackman & Co.,**  
**WHOLESALE**  
**CROCCERS,**  
**COMMISSION AND FORWARDING**  
**MERCHANTS**  
—AND—  
**Steam Boat Agents.**

NEW FIRE PROOF BUILDING,  
Fronting the Wharf, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.  
Dealers in Iron, Nails, Cotton Yarns &c.  
Jan 9, '57—1f

**Washington Hotel.**  
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.  
**S. R. MOORE, Proprietor.**

Having taken the above Hotel, the proprietor is prepared to entertain Company. He hopes by diligence and constant attention to give reasonable satisfaction. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.  
Jan. 9, 1857—1f

**J. M. RICE,**  
**Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry**  
**GOODS,**  
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS, & SHOES. CHINA and Glassware, &c., &c.  
No. 9 FRANKLIN ROW  
**NEW FALL GOODS.**

**JOSH M. RICE,** has received his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, large and cheap for sale. Call and see.  
Sept 14 '55—1f

**W. S. POINDEXTER**  
**Quarles & Poindexter,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson, Dixon & Humphreys counties, and of Christian county Ky.  
Particular attention given to the collection of claims in any part of Middle Tennessee and the adjoining counties of Ky.  
April 20, '55—1f

**Dr. R. D. McCauley,**  
Late of Louisville, Ky., offers his professional services to the citizens of Clarksville and surrounding country in the various branches of his profession. His office is at the Drug Store of B. V. Vallan's, opposite the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.  
August 22, 1856—1f

**O. H. SMITH,**  
**Commission Agent and Forwarding**  
**TOBACCO SALESMAN.**  
Fire Proof Warehouse.  
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.  
Sole Days Tuesdays and Thursdays.  
Feb. 9, 1855—1f

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 1, 1856  
**THOMPSON GREENFIELD** becomes a partner in our firm from this date.  
FELLOWS & CO.

**FELLOWS & Co.**  
**Commission Merchants**  
No. 143 Common st.  
New Orleans.

**W. J. BROADBENT**  
Clerk of the Court.  
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

**KIMBLE & BROADBENT,**  
Attorneys at Law  
Office over Horvath and House.  
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.  
July 11 1856—1f

**Dr. E. R. Dabney,**  
OFFICE on Strawberry Alley under Chronicle Office.  
April 4 '55—1f

**JOSEPH M. JONES,**  
**TOBACCO SELLER,**  
**Forwarding, Storage and Commission**  
**MERCHANT.**

Fire-proof Warehouse, Lumber Landing, one mile from Trice's Landing, on Cumberland River.  
Sole Sale day every Tuesday—1f  
Sept. 22, 1856—1f

**Bryan & Robinson,**  
**TOBACCO FACTORS AND GENERAL**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**  
71 Camp Street, New Orleans.

No liabilities incurred, except upon produce in hand: please read annexed statement.  
NEW ORLEANS, 24th March, 1856.

A report having lately been put in circulation in Clarksville, Tennessee, and the vicinity, that **BRYAN & ROBINSON**, of this city, had failed we the undersigned pronounce it false and without foundation.

**LEVY & SUMMERS, JOS. W. ALLEN,**  
**HEWITT, NORTON & CO., PERKINS & CO.,**  
**WILKS, RAWLINS & CO., E. EATMAN,**  
**& CO. MOORE & VAN CULIN FELLOWS**  
**& CO., JAMES TURNER T. GREENFIELD,**  
April, 4 '56.

**DR. JOHN E. DANGERFIELD,**  
Residence, third house East of the Presbyterian Church. Office, Strawberry Alley, opposite the court house.  
Clarksville, Jan. 11, '56—1f

## GENERAL AGENCY AND LAW OFFICE

**DYE & SMITH,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
Clarksville, Tennessee.

Will practice Law and attend to the collection of claims in the Counties of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson and Dickson, Tenn., also in the Counties of Christian, Todd, Logan and Trigg, Ky. We will also act as general agents in the purchase and sale of Real and Personal Estate, and in the transaction of business of every kind.  
May 30 1856—1f

**S. A. FRASER & BROS.**  
HAVE bought John H. Pritchett's entire interest in the House of S. A. Fraser & Co., and will continue the business at the old stand. Our stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is large and well selected. We have a good lot of heavy goods, Boots, Shoes, Blankets, and Hats. Ladies' Dress goods, Silks, Delaines, and Merinos. Also a good assortment of all kinds of goods to suit all tastes, and by strict attention to business we hope to be able to give satisfaction to those who favor us with a call at No. 10 Franklin street.  
S. A. FRASER & BROTHER.  
Nov '56—1f

**Melantotypes, Ambrotypes, Stereotypes!**

If you wish to get a good and lasting likeness, call on **McCormack & Co.** Sky and Slide-light Daguerrean Gallery, west side of the Square, above the Democratic Reading Room, the only place where that new and beautiful style of picture, the Melantotype, is taken—they having purchased the right. Give them a call, examine their various styles, and then judge for yourselves. Ambrotypes put in Pins and Lockets with the greatest care. **McCormack & Co.** taken for \$1.50.  
Clarksville, Dec 5, '56—1f

**P. J. YOUNG,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR.**  
HAS moved on Franklin street, opposite the Court-house. He solicits a share of public patronage. All garments made up and insured to fit in good style. He also intends to keep a CLOTHING MADE UP, of his own manufacture. Call and see for yourselves.  
Clarksville, Jan. 11, '56—1f

**STARTLING**  
**DISCLOSURE!**  
**W. O. VANCE,**

For whom the Public was, a short time since, advised to keep a sharp look out has at length been found. Full proof about him of all the charges which were preferred against him. The charge against him of having opened the most complete and cheapest store of Drugs, Medicines, &c., ever brought to Clarksville, is abundantly proven by hundreds of witnesses who have called upon him, at his New Establishment at the store formerly occupied by Thomas and Warrick. They all testify that he sells better drugs, better bargains, and waits upon them better than any one else ever did before. That he is a skillful purchaser, and that he deals in drugs of the highest quality, and that he sells them at a lower price than any one else in the city. As his stock is now thoroughly replenished and purchased with annual care those who prefer their Medicines fresh and pure, would do well to patronize him. Physicians, Country Merchants and wholesale buyers particularly requested to give him a call, as he is confident he can sell them at lower rates than they can buy this side the Eastern Market.

**THE PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT.**  
shall receive his most particular attention. No one in the store will be allowed to carry them up but himself. Scrupulous care accuracy and neatness shall be observed in this department and none but drugs of the finest quality shall be used in the composition of Prescriptions. By ringing a bell attached to the front Door he can be aroused at any hour of the night. His terms are six months to punctual dealers. Liberal discount for cash.

His stock embraces every thing usually kept in Drug Stores. In addition to  
Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Turpentine, Wines, Looking Glass plates, Rouge, Flesh Balls, Toilet Preparations, Gold Pens, Pocket knives, Musical Instruments, Toys, Game Bags, and Miscellaneous and Fancy articles of every description.  
July 25 '56—1f

**WALTER O. VANCE**

**THE FASTEST AND FINEST STEAMBOAT**  
IN THE WORLD.  
**DANIEL BOONE.**

**JAS. LEE, MASTER**  
Left Clarksville for Memphis every Wednesday night, passing up for Nashville every Monday evening. Passengers for New Orleans will be sure of getting a boat at Memphis without any detention.  
KEESSE BLACKMAN & CO., Agents.  
Jan. 9, '57—3m.

**CHANCERY NOTICE.**  
Jas. T. Marable, vs. Thos. L. Hobson, Jo. C. Yarbrough, J. W. Cloggett and E. T. Swift.  
O. Bitt.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Clerk & Master from the obligations in the bill of the said Marable, that the defendants, Jo. C. Yarbrough, and J. W. Cloggett, are non-residents of the State of Tennessee, so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them. It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Clarksville Chronicle, a newspaper published in Clarksville, for four successive weeks, requiring said non-residents personally to appear before the Clerk at the next term of the Chancery Court to be held in Clarksville on the 4th Monday in April, 1857, and plead, answer, or demur to said bill, or the same will be taken for confessed and set down for hearing Ex parte as to them.  
THOS. J. MURFORD, C. & M.  
Dec. 19, '56—4w

## The Clarksville Chronicle.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, at \$2.00 in advance, \$3.50 with in six months, \$3.00 if payment be delayed till the end of the year.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**  
FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.  
One insertion \$1.00 Two months \$4.50  
Two insertions 1.50 Three months 5.50  
Three insertions 2.00 Six months 9.00  
One month 2.50 Twelve months 15.00

**The Clarksville Publishing Company.**  
Chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee.

**POETRY.**  
From the Louisville Journal.

**MY MOTHER'S SONG—SWEET HOME.**  
How oft we hear those simple words,  
We hear them breathe in song,  
When music bursts from happy hearts,  
That still to joy belong!

When rosy beams of daylight dawn,  
Or when the shadows fall,  
We hear the gladness echoes tell  
"Sweet Home" hath charms for all!

Those simple words! That plaintive air!  
My mother sang the strain  
In days long past, in happy days  
That may not come again!

She sang it by the household hearth,  
Our father sitting by,  
And smiles were playing on his lips,  
But tear drops filled his eye!

"On earth there is no place like home,"  
She taught my lips to say,  
But all that made our home dear  
Long since hath passed away!

We hear no more her gentle voice  
At morning or at evening;  
She has an angel's golden harp!  
Her song is heard in Heaven!

I hear it sung by others now,  
And o'er my soul the while  
Sweet memories sadly sweet that bring  
A tear drop and a smile!

And oh! 'tis sweet now to hear  
Those thrilling murmurs fall,  
"Home, sweet, sweet home!" 'Tis not of earth!  
Heaven hath a home for all!

**LITTLE GRAVES.**  
We find the following beautiful little gem floating about, uncredited, in our exchanges:

There's many an empty cradle,  
There's many a vacant bed,  
There's many a lonely room,  
Where joy and light has fled;  
For thick in every graveyard  
The little hillocks lie—  
And every hillock represents  
An angel in the sky.

**MISCELLANY.**  
**The Lady Eveline.**  
BY JAMES H. DANA.

Bene, Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?  
Beat. Yes, and I will weep a while longer.  
—MUCH ABOUT NOTHING.

**CHAP. I.—THE PERIL.**  
It was on a bright and beautiful morning, in 1602, and the sky was without a cloud, as a solitary individual traversed the green heath in the vicinity of—. His dress was that of a gallant of the day, but sadly torn and tattered. He carried in his hand a gun, as if seeking sport; yet he was attended by neither dog nor groom. He had every appearance in short of being a cavalier of broken fortune; for though his proud tread and haughty air proved him of gentle blood, his soiled garments and want of attendance showed that his wealth was but small.

An hour or more passed, during which the stranger had left the open heath, and entered upon the old forest of—, many of whose gnarled and aged oaks carried you back to the days of its founder, William the Conqueror. The youth, however, for the stranger was a young man—appeared little to regard the hoary trees around him. His thoughts were far away. Even his gun seemed carried more for show than use; and at last he stopped, and leaning against a withered tree, was lost in a fit of musing.

"The die is cast," said he, slowly and bitterly, "and I am a beggar—I, the descendant of a line of nobles, reaching back beyond the conquest itself. What thought my father died for his king, is it not fit that the son of the monarch should show his gratitude by casting off the son of the earl? Well let it be. Let the usurper reign. Begged or with broad lands, it is all one to Raymond Talbot. I can find a land, at least, where my good sword will win me a livelihood, and if not that, a grave," and erecting his head proudly, he stood as if in defiance of his fate.

The words had scarcely, however, been uttered by the cavalier, before a young lady was visible, attended by a groom, leisurely coming down the forest walk in a direction toward himself; and no sooner had the eye of the young man fallen upon her than even his misfortunes were forgotten momentarily in admiration of her beauty. And she was fair indeed. Rarely had Raymond Talbot gazed upon a face of more bewitching loveliness, or a form of more faultless grace. Her hair of a rich auburn faintly shadowed her pure marble brow, which might have seemed cold in its very purity, had it not been for the delicately penciled eye-brows, and the laughing blue eye below. Her

mouth was small and pouting; and her chin coyly dimpled. Nothing could have been more exquisite than her complexion, over which the rich carnation stole at every breath of the western wind. Her feet were delicately small. As she moved along the green sward, her light dress fluttering in the breeze, and her curls ever and anon escaping from her hat, floating in its embrace, she seemed some being of a brighter world, or one of those sylvan divinities with which ancient mythology loved to people every glade.

Never had the young man gazed upon such loveliness. He was just at the age to be affected by the beauty of the fair stranger, and he could not refrain from a half restrained ejaculation of delight. Unwilling, however, to be seen in his soiled and tattered dress, he had turned into a bye-path, and was hastening to escape observation when a scream from the fair stranger awakened his attention, and hastily turning around he beheld the cause of her alarm.

Not three hundred yards up the road, was a short turn to the right, which prevented objects from being seen unless within that distance. As the youth turned he beheld a bull bleeding profusely at its sides; and with a severed cord around its neck dragging at heels, tearing madly down the road toward the young lady, whose scream had just been occasioned by discovering the enraged beast as he wheeled around the turn. Far in the distance might be heard the shouts of peasants, and the barking of dogs, as if in pursuit; and the sounds, as they came borne on the breeze, appeared only to inflame the beast anew. With his head bent to the earth, the foam flying from his lips, his flanks dripping with blood, he came rushing furiously on, and was already within a few yards of the now paralyzed maiden, before the youth had, by regulating the larger road, obtained a full view of the scene. He did not hesitate an instant. The groom of the maiden had fled affrighted at the first sight of the enraged monster, leaving her alone, and too overcome with the horror of her situation even to move. Gazing apprehensively on the furious beast, her form trembling as if it would sink to the earth, it seemed as if the maiden was transfixed by a basilisk to the spot where she stood. The red scarf which she wore had doubtless caught the eye of the monster, for he came on, tossing his head and pawing the earth directly toward her. Already he was within a few yards of the trembling girl. He bent his head to the earth as if to rush upon her. All hope seemed over. But at that instant the young stranger had gained the opposite side of the road, so as to place the maiden a little to one side of him, and, raising his piece, he glanced rapidly along the barrel, and fired. Never went bullet with a truer aim.

Striking the beast just over the left eye, the ball penetrated to the brain. The huge monster fell headlong forward on his knees, and then rolling heavily over on his side, was dead almost before the report of the gun had ceased echoing through the forest. The beast was so high to his expected victim, that in his fall his horn just grazed her fluttering scarf.

The cavalier paused an instant after the death of the enraged animal, and seemed about retreating to the covert of the forest; but perceiving that the maiden was sinking to the earth, he sprang forward to assist her. She caught vainly at the neighboring tree for support, and the next instant had fallen insensible into the young man's arms.

His situation was now embarrassing in the extreme, but he knew not whether after all pleasure was not his prevailing sensation. He certainly gazed on the fair young face, resting on his bosom, longer than was exactly required, and appeared for the instant to forget that his first duty was to recall the maiden to animation. It was only for a moment, however. Shouting to the people who were now seen hurrying down the road to hasten their steps, he proceeded to loosen the hat and scarf from the maiden's face and throat. He had scarcely performed this duty when she faintly opened her eyes.

"Where—where—am I?" was the first ejaculation of returning animation, as she looked wildly around her.

"Among friends, my dear lady," said the young cavalier.

Blushing to the bloom at the words of the stranger, and at finding herself on the shoulder of a handsome young man, the maiden raised herself at once to her feet, and poured out her incoherent thanks.

The position of the cavalier might have been rendered embarrassing, but at this instant her groom returned from his flight, and, hurriedly taking his arm, she relieved the youth, by begging to know to whom she was indebted for her preservation.

**CHAP. II.—LOVE.**  
In a proud and gorgeous apartment, where the costly drapery vied with the richly carved oak panellings of the wall, and where the light streamed with a mellow lustre through the stained and lofty windows, were two beings, whom, at the first sight, you might have recognized as the Lady Eveline Norman, and her rescuer, Raymond Talbot. The lady sat on a low stool, and the young cavalier stood with folded arms by her side, within the deep embrasure of the window; but while the gentle-maid seemed intent only on his companion's face, the lady, with averted head, appeared to be idly gazing at the wide prospect of hill, and stream and woodland stretching away from the

window of her father's castle.

Since we last beheld these two young beings what a change had come over their fates! Little more than a fortnight had passed, it is true; but it is not the history of a life often made up of a day! Fair, winning and grateful as Eveline Norman was how could the young cavalier resist the fascination of her company? He had, therefore, tacitly accepted the warm invitation of the old baron, her father, to make the castle his home during the summer months; and so since the day of his first introduction to Eveline he had continued to attend her in every recreation, riding with her to the meadow to fly a hawk, or lingering by her side to listen to her voice in some little song, that seemed more musical each time he heard it from her lips.

Unconscious of danger, they all seemed—The baron thought nothing more preposterous than that a needy adventurer with nothing but his blood to advance him in the world—for such he thought his guest to be—should ever dream of loving his daughter. Talbot, too, though every day he found the spell that bound him to Eveline's side increasing, did not, for a long time, know he loved her; and even when the conviction came, it brought with it such strange and mingled sensations that he scarce knew whether joy or fear predominated most in his bosom. And Eveline, what thought she of all this! Alas! it is long before woman knows her heart, especially when, for the first time, she learns to love. At first she wondered why everything seemed so much brighter than of wont when Talbot was by, and why all nature wore such a sombre hue when he was absent. Then she thought it so strange that her heart beat quicker, and the blood rushed into her cheek as he approached; until at last, at some slight misunderstanding, such as lovers always have, she burst into tears as soon as she was alone, and thus learned that she loved.

But weeks had elapsed since then. Day by day had these two young beings walked, rode and sang together, until they almost forgot their relative positions. Eveline never dreamed that wealth might make any difference in the one, she should love; in the eyes of others; for she knew it made none in her own; and the landless noble, conscious of a birth even higher than hers, trusted that she was too lofty and pure to think of his present poverty. His feelings, however, were often strange and wavering; pride whispered to him not to accept wealth, even from a bride; and a fear would often fit across his mind lest Eveline might deem him less worthy of her love because he had no fortune but his sword. But these surmises had gradually died away. Life had been all liveliness to the lovers, drinking in, as they did, pleasure from everything around—in their walks through the old woods, or along the moonlit glade, or in their solitary communings beneath the everlasting stars.

But a cloud at length came over their prospect. A suitor suddenly appeared at the castle for the hand of Eveline, in the shape of a wealthy bachelor baronet from an adjoining county. He came, backed by an immense estate, in all the pomp of a gilded coach and six. The baron thought it the most natural thing in the world for his daughter to accept the hand of such a prize; and signified his intention that the marriage should take place after the orthodox period of courtship. It awoke the lovers from their dream. Eveline was in despair—Talbot saw at once what honor compelled him to do. Yet he could not wholly resist his passion. He resolved to leave the castle, and forget everything—his love and his misfortunes—on the battle field.

But Eveline did not reason so. She saw that her lover avoided her, and she at first wondered what could be the cause. But when she found it continued, her jealousy took the alarm. She fancied he loved her no more—her pride was touched. Her tone when next they met was colder than it had ever before seemed to Talbot; and he, in turn, deeming she was about to desert him for his wealthy rival, felt offended. And thus were these two hearts on the eve of estrangement, while both mourned in silence over the separation. It is true that the reason of Talbot's conduct was better than it should be, for fortune had placed too great a distance between Eveline Norman and him even to allow of hope; but still his heart struggled against his cooler reason, and he would have given worlds that Eveline were the same frankness to him which she did a week before. At length he determined to know the worst; for this state of suspense he could endure no longer. A favorable opportunity had presented itself this morning. He had casually met Eveline in the old hall.

There was something of embarrassment in each of the two lovers. They had met daily, it is true, since the arrival of the baronet, but instead of Talbot, his rival was now ever at Eveline's side. Thus days had passed without a single word being exchanged between the lovers, except in the presence of the baronet. Eveline blamed Talbot that he had not sought her boudoir more; and he blamed—but enough.

Their conversation had not been long, but whatever was its purport, it had called up a brown upon the brow of Talbot, as he now stood regarding Eveline. His lip, too, quivered, though his bearing was lofty, even to haughtiness. A minute of silence elapsed—The maiden still continued looking at the prospect from the window.

"It is enough," said the cavalier, with something of bitterness in his tone, as if continuing a conversation, whose import may easily be judged—"you are unjust, Eveline."

The head of the fair heiress was instantly turned toward the speaker. Her cheek flushed, her bosom heaved, and her eyes looked full into his face as she said—

"Unjust, and why? But," she continued, her pride, after this short struggle, obtaining the mastery, "has it come to this, that I am accountable to any one? Unjust, sir!"

The words had scarcely been uttered before she became sensible of their severity; and perhaps had Talbot not answered her directly she would in another instant have recalled more, and all might eventually have been explained. But the pride of her lover was not less than her own.

"I do not, however, complain," he said, coldly, "I only asked you stay that I might bid you farewell. I shall leave here to-morrow. Have you any commands?" he added, with formal courtesy, "for London?"

The first movement of the young maiden was to look incredulously into her lover's face, but she saw there only a confirmation of his cold, careless words. Her woman's heart, which was one moment about to betray all, drew new sources of fortitude, the next moment, from the haughty indifference of her lover. The tear that had involuntarily started to her eyes dimmed it no longer; a proud scorn was on her beautiful lip; her maiden pride could not brook to show a love which seemed only to be despised; she almost scorned herself for what had passed already between them; and rising to her feet, while her eyes flashed, she said with apparently calm indifference—

"There is nothing in Norman Castle to restrain Mr. Talbot. Its owners—"

She would have proceeded, but her heart rose into her throat. It was well that the impatience of her lover prevented him from dis-covering her emotion, for she had scarcely paused, before he said bitterly—

"We part then—for ever. Lady Eveline, farewell."

"Stay," said Eveline, her love almost conquering. But her pride did not relent, and she added, after a pause, "You have a lock—of my hair, Mr. Talbot." She could add no more.

"I understand you, Lady Eveline, and there is what you allude to," said he, untying a locket, containing a tress of her beautiful auburn hair, from the chain around his neck. "May I also ask for—"

"It is already given," answered the maiden, coldly, taking a similar locket from her bosom and handing it to him; though as she did so, a faint hope filled her mind that even then her lover would relent, and sue for forgiveness.

But he took the little memento, and although his hand trembled, he only bowed formally, and the next instant with a haughty stride he had passed from the hall.

Eveline had hoped until now that her lover would relent; but with the sound of the echoing door, the last dim expectation that he would yet sue for forgiveness faded from her mind; the whole misery of her situation burst upon her; she had no longer the aid of her pride to restrain her feelings of agony; and with a suppressed sob, she clasped her hands to her bosom, and found relief in a flood of tears.

"Cruel—cruel Talbot," she exclaimed, looking at the chain which lately held the locket, "oh why would you take from me my only solace!"

**CHAP. III.—PARTING.**  
Evening had come, and the shades of twilight were gathering thick around the old park, yet still Eveline sat alone in her gorgeous chamber. Her delicate foot rested upon a rich satin cushion, and the slipper lay at some distance, as if tossed impatiently off. The traces of tears, however, were no longer on her countenance. Long and passionately had she wept, but the reaction of hope had come again, and what she looked upon at first as an irretrievable separation, was now regarded only as a slight quarrel, which her lover would apologize for the next time he saw her. It had been so once before, she remembered, though on that occasion the difficulty had only been momentary, and they had not even parted in anger. Still she could not believe that Talbot would carry his threat into execution, merely because she had been proud, or perhaps pettish. No! he knew her better. He would not leave her. She should see him directly, and all would be well. With these thoughts she descended to the supper room.

Every one was already there except Talbot. For a moment she felt a misgiving, but it vanished as soon as it came. "He surely cannot, cannot leave us on such a slight misunderstanding," she said to herself.

"James," said her father, turning to an old servant, "have you seen Mr. Talbot within an hour, perhaps he is in his room—let him be called."

The servant soon returned, saying that Mr. Talbot was not in his room.

"Does no one know where he is? Surely you know, Eveline," said the unconscious father, turning toward his daughter, whose cheek burned, and whose heart beat quicker at the question.

"I do not—really—know," scarcely faltered the maiden; but recollecting how

many eyes were upon her, she added more firmly, "I have not seen him since morning."

At this moment a servant entered with a note for the baron. Recognizing the handwriting at once as that of his young guest, he broke the seal instantly, and perused the epistle. Surprise was on every feature of his countenance as he read. What would not Eveline have given to have known its contents!

"How did this reach here?" asked the baron of the servant.

"It was brought from the village inn just now. It is from Mr. Talbot, I believe."

"I know that, sirrah! But Eveline, why did you not tell me your preserver was about to leave us. I never heard of it before—Some sudden business, he says, however, has called him up to London; and so he begs to bid us farewell. I wonder though why he did not do it personally. Ah! I forgot we were out this morning. Well, Mr. Talbot is a gallant cavalier, and I hope before many days to welcome him back to Norman Castle. We must have him on one occasion—oh! Eveline, my darling—but what makes you so pale, my love—take some of this wine—you are ill."

Could her father at that instant have seen the agony his daughter suffered, how soon would he have exchanged his tone of joyous levity for one more adapted to her bruised heart! Alas! poor girl—bitterly was she repenting her haughty pride.

That night the pillow of Eveline was wet with tears. It was some relief, forced as she was to hide her emotion in the presence of others, to find one spot where she might weep unobserved. She felt that Talbot had left her, and she saw now how deeply she had loved him. She blamed herself, oh! how fervently, for her hastiness. She saw now how the presence of a wealthier rival might have affected her lover's feelings; and then she remembered that he had saved her life, and that this was her gratitude. Yet even now hope was not wholly lost. Day after day did she flatter herself that he would yet come back; and day after day would she loiter unconsciously down the avenue toward the park gate. How her heart would flutter, and her cheek tinge with maidenly shame, when some figure could be seen far off down the avenue, which for a moment she imagined to be that of her lover; and how crushing the despair which came over her young heart, when she found that even weeks elapsed, and still Talbot came not back. Her cheek paled—her eyes grew dim—her step was less and less elastic. Her father noticed it, but he little knew the cause. He thought of everything to restore her to health, and at length fancied that a journey to London would be beneficial. Alas! he possessed no medicine which could reach the case of Eveline. Her heart was breaking.

The feelings of mingled shame, disappointment and injury with which Talbot rushed from the presence of Eveline, we shall not attempt to describe. He had, at length broken his delusion—he had learnt how bitterly he had been deceived—and the conviction of his poverty—for to that he attributed every misfortune—was thus brought home once more to his galled bosom.

"By Heaven," he broke out, "I will not longer stay where even Eveline—she whom I fool that I was, I dreamed loved me—looks upon me as a pensioner. No, my soul is over. I will be a boy no longer. I will leave this proud place—this land where my rights are trampled on—I will seek another and more grateful monarch—I will carve out a fortune for myself or die in the attempt. Eveline! Eveline!" he continued, his eyes suddenly lighting upon the returned locket, "oh! how little I thought we should ever part thus," and his haughty spirit melting at the old memories the sight aroused, he suddenly paused, and leaning his head upon his hands, burst into tears. They were the first ones he had shed since he had been a boy. It must indeed have been a terrible blow which could thus plough up his very heart, and yet soften his nature as if he had been a woman. But to have our early love blighted—oh! is it not a fearful thing!

At length he raised his head, kissed the locket reverently, and placing it in his bosom, sought his room. In less than half an hour he issued from it, and crossing the park, entered the high-road to the neighboring village. From thence he dispatched the note, whose reception we have witnessed; but long before it was read at Norman Castle, the writer was far on his way to try his fortune unaided in the world. Thus were two fond hearts severed!